

# THE Country Gentleman; Or, the happy Life.

To an excellent Tune, Or, Hey Boys up go we.

With Allowance.



I Am a man of Wealth and Land,  
and Gold I have good store,  
A good Estate I now command,  
what can one wish for more?  
I value not an hundred pound,  
to Tenants I'll be kind,  
I'll have my Hawk, and have my Hound  
and such delights will mind.

To London I will not repair,  
here sweeter pleasures be,  
I live in a more healthy Air,  
and fairer Beauties see:

I love the noise of Hey-ge-ho,  
the whistling at the Plough,  
The Basing of the tender Ox,  
and Lowing of the Cow.

The morning Lark which shepherds love  
here sings by break of day;  
And Nightingale in yonder Grobe  
where flowers perfume our way:  
Fair Siccamores to please the eye,  
and hinder too much heat,  
And Strawberries and Violets lye  
all round about our feet.

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**B**etimes we hear the huntmans hojn  
which loudly echoes round,  
And in a lovely woode mojn  
how sweetly does it sound!  
The drowle sluggard strait gibes ear,  
his golden Dreams are fled;  
(Except the Sick) who e're did hear  
the Hojn and lye a bed?

Intrigues of State hers are not known,  
no? Beauties nice and coy,  
Each man well pleas'd with what's his  
his pleasures does enjoy: (own  
At night within his Wifes soft Arms  
the happy Swain does rest,  
And thus secure, and void of harms  
with Peace is alwaies blest.

I hate the many Cheats and Knaves  
that lurk in London Town,  
whose restless heads like tumbling waves  
are rowling up and down:

Ambitious Fops find little ease,  
let us Ambition hunt,  
And mark how all our flowers and trees  
are guilded by the Sun.

The meanest Sheph'rd does enjoy  
some Milk-maid brisk and fair,  
And gets first night a thumping Boy,  
a lusty jolly Heir.  
Let painted Jills avoid this place,  
for all our Symphs to gay  
With only Ditties do wash their face,  
and look divine as day.

FINIS.

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